

No. 52

10c  
JANUARY

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THE FACE  
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DIXIE DUGAN  
THE SKYMAN  
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and BO

# BIG SHOT

COME BACK, YOO HOO  
—YOU'RE CRABBIN'  
THE ACT.

BAH! ME NO  
WANNA BE  
SAFETY-PIN UP  
BOY.



SEASON'S GREETINGS!

FIGHT  
INFANTILE  
PARALYSIS



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# JOE PALOOKA

by HAM FISHER.

ONCE UPON A TIME...

JOE, WE'RE THE CLASS COMMITTEE, WE'RE GONNA HAVE A CHRISTMAS PARTY.

OH, THAT'S ELIGINT, I'M GLAD EVERY BUDDY'S GONNA BE THERE, GEE, IT'LL BE GRAND.

WE'LL NOT EVERYBUDDY. THERE'S A FEW WE'RE NOT INVITIN'.

LIKE WHO?

FRANKLY, FRANKLY...

...AN' ALEC, WE DIDN'T INVITE THEM.

WHY? GEE, THEY'RE SUCH NICE KIDS, I'D LIKE T'KNOW WHY THEY AIN'T INVITID?

WE KNOW!

LOOK, JOE, NOBUDDY INVITES THEM. YOU KNOW WHY JIST AS WELL AS I DO.

BUT I DON'T, I RILLY DON'T. I WISH YOU'D EXPLAIN.

WELL YOU KNOW WHAT HIS FATHER WAS.

BUT WHAT'S AT GOT YOG WITH BENNY? HOW DO I KNOW WHAT YOUR FATHER WAS?

NOW LOOKA HERE YOU! THAT'S A INSULT, AT LEAST MY FATHER WASN'T BORN ON THE WRONG SIDE OF THE TRACKS.

I DINT MEAN TO INSULT YOU, AN' I DON'T SEE WHY YOU SHOULD INSULT THE OTHER KIDS.

...WHO I LIKE, BUT JIST BECAUSE THEY AIN'T SWELL ENOUGH 'ER THEIR FATHER, 'ER GRAN, MOTHER WASN'T WHAT YOU THINK IS THE RIGHT PEOPLE.

AW--YOU DON'T MAKE NO SENSE.

IT'S YOU DON'T MAKE NO SENSE, GEORGE, WE BEEN STUPIDIN' DEMOCRACY, BUT I KIN SEE YOU WASN'T BISHININ' I AIN'T COMIN' TO THE PARTY.

WHO CARES WE DON'T WANT CHA ANYWAY, YOU'RE DUMB.

JOSEPH, DEAR... AREN'T YOU GONN' TO THE CHRISTMAS PARTY?

UH-UN--NO, MAMA.

I WONDER WHY I JIST LOVE ALL PEOPLE AN' ANIMALS. I GUESS MESSIE I... I'M QUAR... BUT I'D FIGHT AN' DIE FOR DEMOCRACY... MESSIE I DON'T UNDERSTAND...

BUT YOU DO, LITTLE JOE, WHO IFS YOU A SIMPLE MESSIE ON UNDERSTANDS.

W-WHO'S AT-WHO WAS AT TALKIN'-- GOLLY, I MUSTA BEEN DREAMIN'.

TO ALL THOSE WHOSE LOVE OF FREEDOM MAKES US BORN FOR DEMOCRACY A CERTAINLY, WE SINCERELY WISH A

**MERRY XMAS**

FOR WITHOUT UNITY AND RESPECT FOR EVERY MAN'S RIGHT TO EQUALITY WE CAN NOT HOLD THE DEAREST OF ALL THINGS--

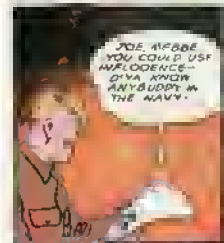
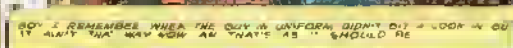
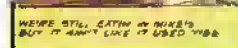
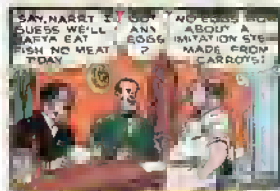
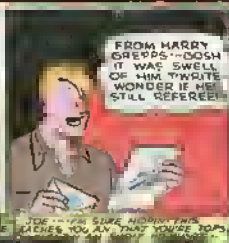
**DEMOCRACY.**

HAM FISHER



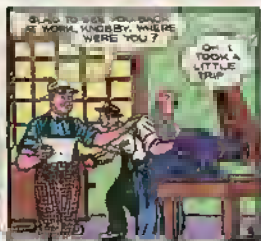
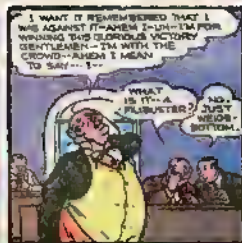
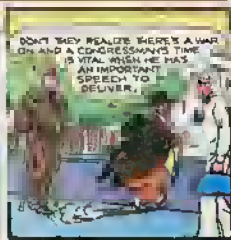
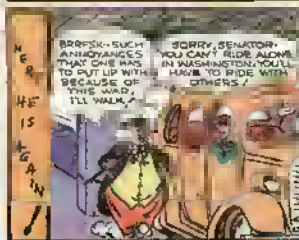
# JOE PALOOKA

by HAM FISHER.



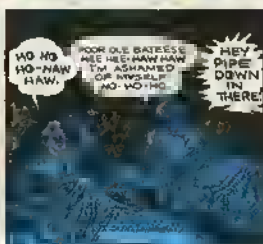
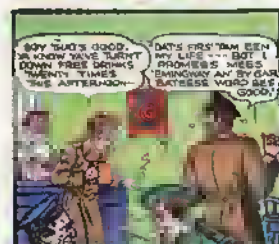
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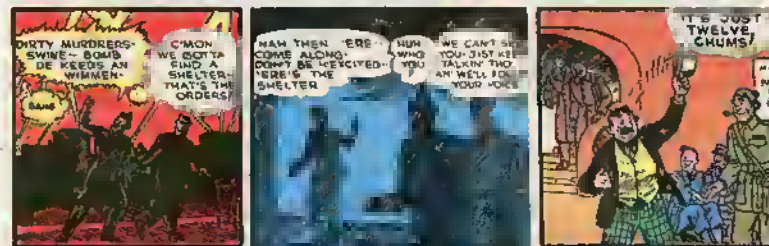
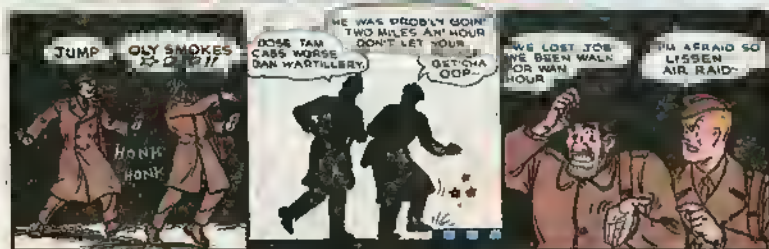
# JOE PALOOKA

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# JOE PALOOKA

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# The SKYMAN

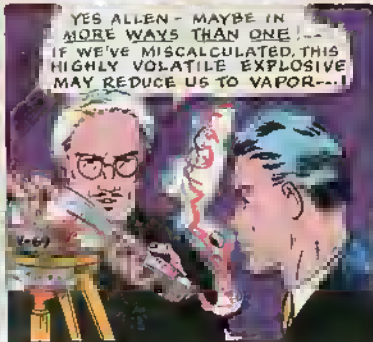


WHEN  
PROFESSOR  
PETER TURNER  
AND HIS NEPHEW  
ALLEN COOKED UP  
THE MOST POWERFUL  
EXPLOSIVE IN THE  
WORLD, THEY WERE  
ASKING FOR TROUBLE  
AND THEY

60



WE'RE ABOUT READY  
TO GO, HEY,  
UNCLE PETER?



YES ALLEN - MAYBE IN  
MORE WAYS THAN ONE! --  
IF WE'VE MISCALCULATED, THIS  
HIGHLY VOLATILE EXPLOSIVE  
MAY REDUCE US TO VAPOR...!

# BIG SHOT



I KNOW THIS WON'T DO ANY GOOD, UNC - BUT IT COMFORTS ME SOMEHOW!



**PHEW!**

DID IT, HEY? THEN V-69 IS A SUCCESS!



**GOOO! THAT'S ALL I WANTED TO KNOW!**



DON'T GO NEAR HIM ALLEN, THE SLIGHTEST JOLT MIGHT EXPLODE THAT STUFF!

GOOD ADVICE - NOW I'LL JUST LOCK YOU TWO IN HERE FOR AWHILE!



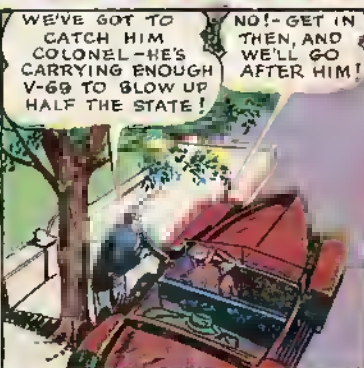
2 MINUTES LATER

WE CAN'T STAY LOCKED IN HERE - THERE'S WORK FOR THE SKYMAN TO DO!



HELLO! - DID YOU SEE A MAN IN A GREEN COAT AND HAT COME OUT OF THIS HOUSE?

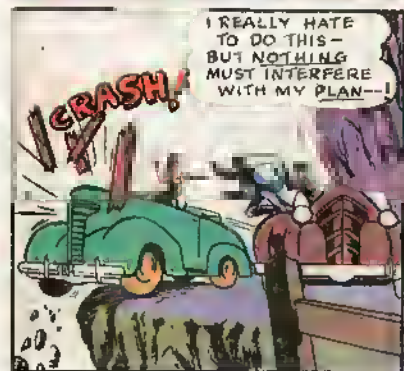
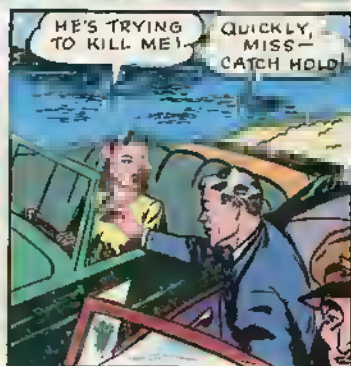
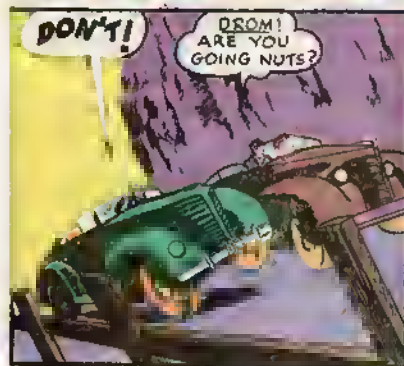
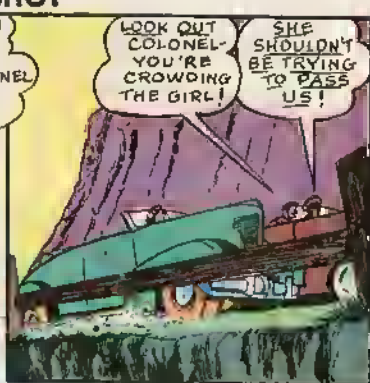
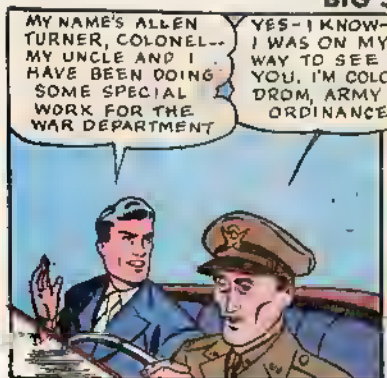
WHY YES - HE DROVE OFF DOWN THE ROAD JUST NOW!



WE'VE GOT TO CATCH HIM COLONEL - HE'S CARRYING ENOUGH V-69 TO BLOW UP HALF THE STATE!

NO! - GET IN THEN, AND WE'LL GO AFTER HIM!

# BIG SHOT

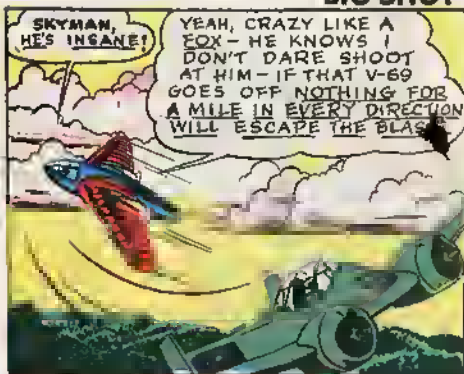


# BIG SHOT





# BIG SHOT



SKYMAN,  
HE'S INSANE!

YEAH, CRAZY LIKE A  
FOX - HE KNOWS I  
DON'T DARE SHOOT  
AT HIM - IF THAT V-69  
GOES OFF NOTHING FOR  
A MILE IN EVERY DIRECTION  
WILL ESCAPE THE BLAST



WE'LL HAVE TO RUN  
AWAY FROM HIM---  
BUT YOU KNOW HIS  
HIDEOUT- SO WE'LL  
TRY TO BEAT HIM  
THERE AND PREPARE  
A WELCOME FOR HIM!

TWO HOURS LATER, HIGH ABOVE A  
LONELY REGION OF CANADA'S  
LAURENTIAN HIGHLAND---

SHE'S EASY TO FLY  
SUE--NOW TAKE HER  
WAY UP AND CRUISE AROUND  
UNTIL YOU GET MY SIGNAL  
THEN COME A-RUNNING!

RIGHT!  
TAKE CARE  
OF YOURSELF  
FELLER-I

THE ICARUS-CAPE COMES IN  
HANDY HERE-IF I RODE THE  
WING DOWN, DROM'S FRIENDS  
WOULD SEE IT COMING AND  
RADIO A WARNING TO HIM,  
BUT I DOUBT THAT THEY'LL  
NOTICE ME--!



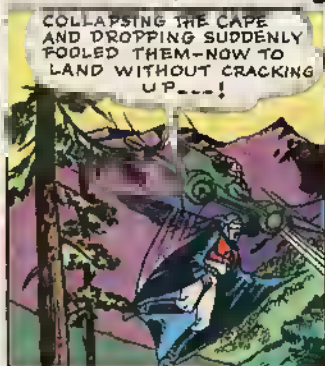
PAUL! LOOK!- THAT  
MUST BE THE ONE  
DROM RADIOED WAS  
COMING!

YES- THE  
SKYMAN!--  
BUT I SHALL  
MAKE HIM A MAN  
OF EARTH  
SOON ENOUGH!



WOW! HED HAVE GOT ME  
IF I HADN'T BANKED!-- OH OH!  
THINGS AREN'T BAD ENOUGH--  
NOW DROM SHOWS UP--!

# BIG SHOT



COLLAPSING THE CAPE  
AND DROPPING SUDDENLY  
FOOLED THEM--NOW TO  
LAND WITHOUT CRACKING  
UP---!



NOT EXACTLY A  
THREE-POINTER,  
BUT I'M HERE!

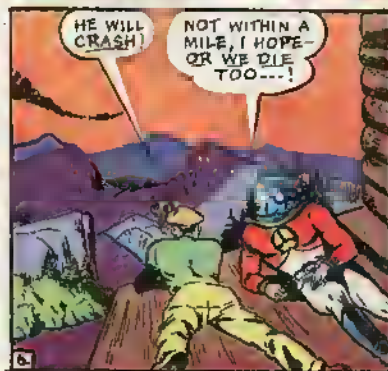
AND I AM GLAD  
M'SIEUR!-- BEHOLD!  
THAT DEVIL, DROM,  
HAS SLAIN MY  
BROTHER---!



WITH A LITTLE  
LUCK I MIGHT BE  
ABLE TO AVENGE  
HIM, MY FRIEND--!

MY AUTOMATIC WOULD  
EXPLODE THE PLANE--  
AND SET OFF THE V-69  
BUT MAYBE WITH A RIFLE--

YOU HAVE HIT  
HIM, M'SIEUR!



HE WILL  
CRASH!

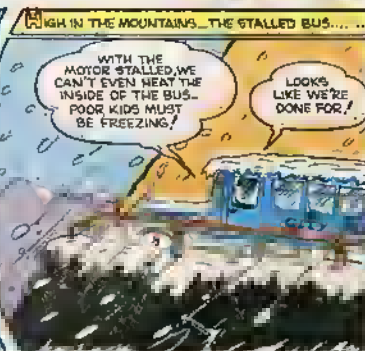
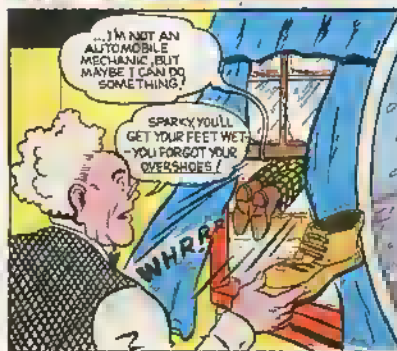
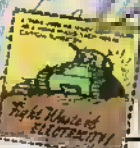
NOT WITHIN A  
MILE, I HOPE--  
OR WE DIE  
TOO---!



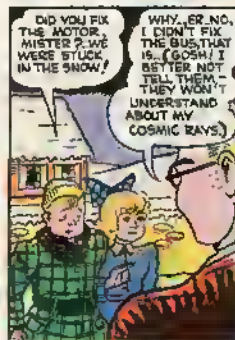
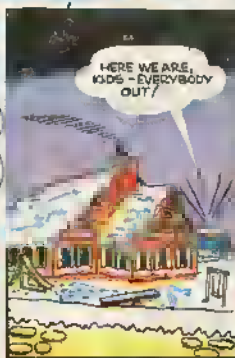
HMM--NOT AS BAD AS I  
FEARED--BUT ENOUGH  
TO FINISH DROM--!

BUT WAS IT---?

# SPARKY WATTS



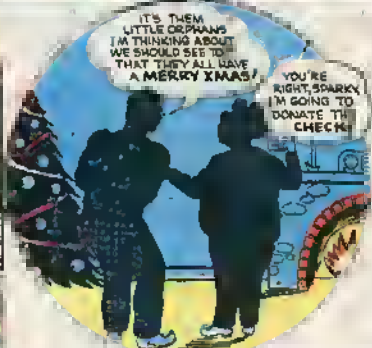
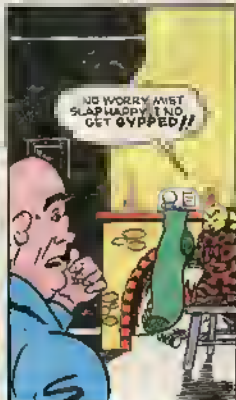
# BIG SHOT





# BIG SHOT

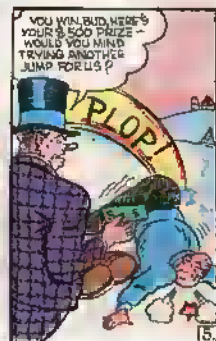
IN THE MEANTIME



# BIG SHOT



# BIG SHOT



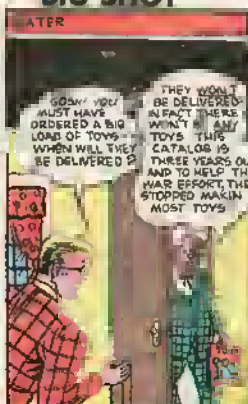
# BIG SHOT

LATER



WE SURE DID A GOOD JOB OF RAISING MONEY TO BUY THEM ORPHANS TOYS!

DOC'S BEEN OUT ALL DAY SHOPPING FOR THEM.



GOSH! YOU MUST HAVE ORDERED A BIG LOAD OF TOYS - WHEN WILL THEY BE DELIVERED?

THEY WON'T BE DELIVERED - IN FACT THERE WON'T BE ANY TOYS. THIS CATALOG IS THREE YEARS OLD AND TO HELP THE WAR EFFORT, THEY STOPPED MAKIN' MOST TOYS.



THE WAR EFFORT SHOULD COME FIRST - I'M SURE THE KIDS WILL UNDERSTAND.

AN' AFTER ME ALMOST BREAK MY NECK TO WIN THE SKI-JUMPER CONTEST. WHA! I'VE THOUGHT THIS MACHINE DIDN'T WORK??



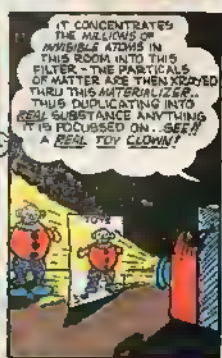
LOOK! A REAL TOY ELEPHANT. THE XRAY MACHINE IS WORKING AT LAST - WHAT DID YOU DO TO IT?



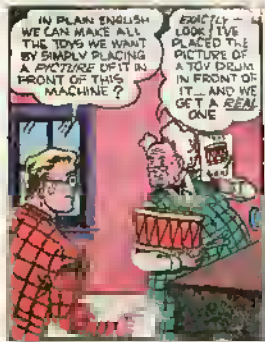
GOSH! I ACCIDENTALLY DROPPED THIS WIRE AND STUCK THIS ONE INTO THAT HOLE!

EUREKA! I'VE TRIED TO PERFECT THIS XRAY MATERIALIZER FOR TWENTY YEARS!

XRAY MATERIALIZER - WHAT DOES IT DO?



IT CONCENTRATES THE MILLIONS OF MINUSCULE ATOMS IN THIS ROOM INTO THIS FILTER - THE PARTICLES OF MATTER ARE THEN XRAYED THRU THIS MATERIALIZER - THUS DUPLICATING INTO REAL SUBSTANCE ANYTHING IT'S FOCUSED ON... SEE! A REAL TOY CLONING!



IN PLAIN ENGLISH WE CAN MAKE ALL THE TOYS WE WANT BY SIMPLY PLACING A PICTURE OF IT IN FRONT OF THIS MACHINE?

EXACTLY - LOOK! I'VE PLACED THE PICTURE OF A TOY DRUM IN FRONT OF IT... AND WE GOT A REAL ONE!



FOR - OUR'S OUR FRIENDS ARE BUSY IN TOY PRODUCTION.

Wow! Looker! ROOM FULL OF TOYS!



AND ON CHRISTMAS MORNING.

GOSH! LOOK AT THIS TOY ELEPHANT!

AN' WHAT A PRETTY DOLL I GOT!

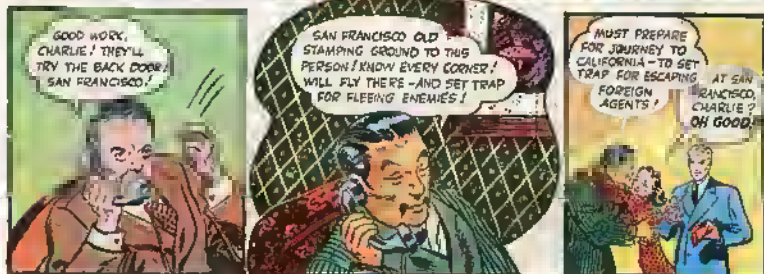
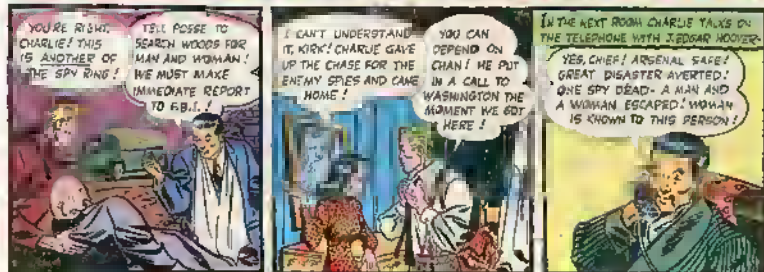
GOLLY! TOY ELECTRIC TRAIN AN' A SLED!

THIS SURE IS A MERRY XMAS THANKS TO SOME KIND PEOPLE!

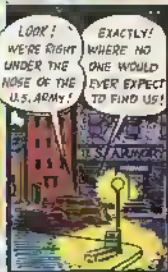
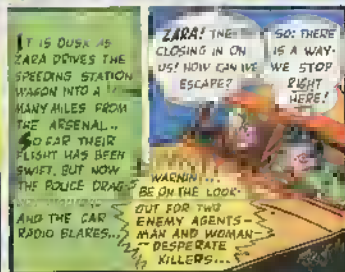
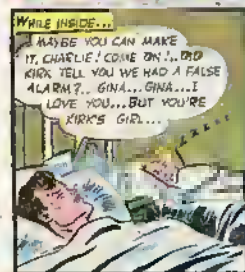
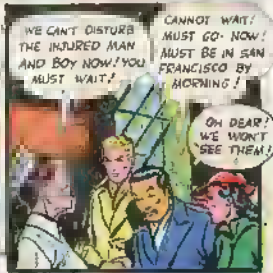
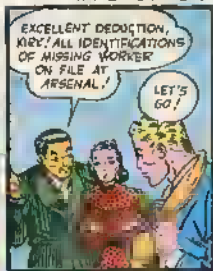
LORE OF SPARKY IN EVERY ISSUE!



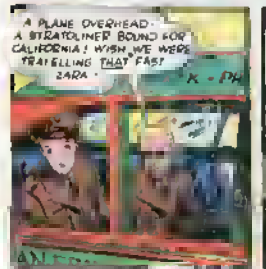
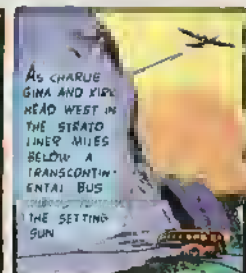
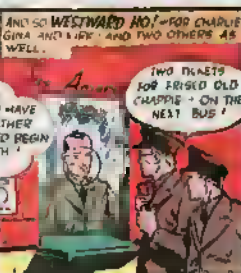
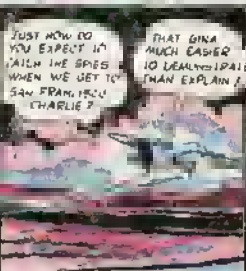
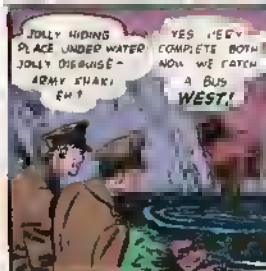
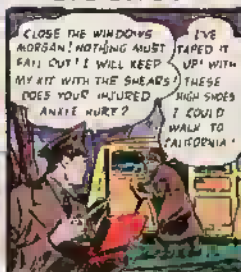
# CHARLIE CHAN



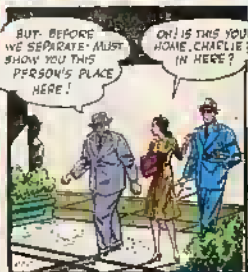
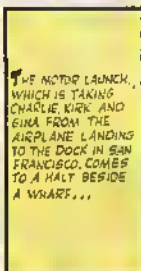
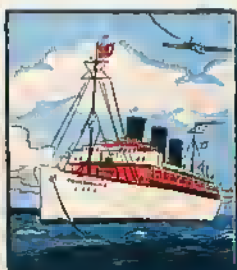
# BIG SHOT



# BIG SHOT



# BIG SHOT





# Happy New Year, Jim!

By RAY KRANK

Dear Jim,

Cousin Frankie has brokee his arm so he asked me to write to you and explain that he can't pay you that five bucks he owes you. For that matter, he can't even write to you himself (even if he didn't have the cracked wing) because his typewriter is in hock. So is your bicycle.

I don't mind writing for Frankie because I was going to send you a New Year's Greeting card anyway (I'm sorry about the Christmas present—I was temporarily short of cash), and I think a letter is much more personal and from the heart than a card which you get in a store, don't you? So, while I think of it, I'll just say

Happy New Year, Jim!

Of course it's easy for us civilians to say that, hey, kid? But you guys in the Army, well, I guess you'd be happier if you was home again, hey? Well, don't worry—the way I figure it, it won't be long now! Come to think of it though, you must be having a lot of fun at that, being a bombardier Boy, would I like a chance to drop a few blockbuster on them crummy Japs! But you know my eyesight, Jim. They ain't invented the glasses yet that would make it possible for me to see a foot in front of me on a clear day!

As a matter of fact, my bum peepers are in a way responsible for Cousin Frankie's busted arm, and also for Mom's broken leg. I don't suppose Mom told you about that when she wrote, did she? But what the heck—I don't think it's right to keep things from a guy just because he's in service, do you? Besides, Mom's mending very

nicely. She's lucky to be alive when you come right down to it. You know your old room on the second floor—that is, it was on the second floor, but since there ain't no more second floor it naturally ain't there any more. Ha ha ha! But I don't suppose anybody told you about the house burning down?

It's lueeny the way things happen. You know your girl Rita, she's a funny kid. For a blonde that is. Most blondes are kind of dizzy, you know what I mean? But Rita's different. Right after that auto accident (I'll bet she never told you about that?), she got sore as a pup at me and told Mom that I had no business driving a car with my eyesight the way it is. And Mom said I was a fine guy and Cousie Frankie was a fine guy, trying to take your girl away from you and you in the Army.

Now you know that's silly, Jim! What the heck, if a girl really loves a guy, how can anybody take her away from him? So I don't see where it was wrong for me and Frankie to try and date Rita up (although Frankie was kind of sneaky about it), do you? I'll bet you don't. But Mom is kind of narrowminded and Old Fashioned about things like that. You know Mom.

But that Frankie! What a guy! Rita comes out of Murray's Grocery last Saturday with her arms full of buedles and who pulls up to the curb in his old flivver but our dear cousin Hop ie, he says, I'll give you a lift. Well, you could tell she didn't want to—and no wonder, after all the pamee Frankies made at the Church Sociable

Wednesday eight!—but finally she says Okay, but see that you behave yourself! I heard the whole conversation because I was right there, sort of standing out of sight behind the Christmas trees Murray's has lined up against the rope like he does every year. As a matter of fact I was planning to ask Rita to ride home in my car—that is, your car. (In case you're wondering, we get all the gas we want, down at Bigelow's, for fifty cents a gallon. What a crook that Bigelow is, hey?)

Anyway, to make a long story short, I hopped into the car and sort of trailed the two of them. Because you know that crazy cousin of yours is liable to do anything when he takes a notion and I thought maybe I'd better be on hand in case he tried to elope with Rita or something. Well, I was right all right! The darn fool turns right at the Forks instead of left and heads out along the Pike. Of course with my eyes I can't make out whether Rita is objecting or not, but I figured she would be. After all, she had all them bundles and her mother was expecting her home, naturally. So I stepped on it to catch up with them and just as we came to Millstream Bridge I pulled up alongside of them.

That is, I meant to pull up alongside, but it seems I cut it too close. My darn eyes, you know. Well, anyway, I alarmed into the running board and from under of Frankie's car, and there I skidded and the first thing you know, Bang! the car turned completely over on me! I was shaken up of course, but I didn't get a scratch! Lucky, hey? Especially since the old bus caught



# CAPTAIN WANK

by Frank Tunaley

RAIDING THE SECRET JAP MINE, WANK AND COL. SACHA RUDIK OF THE RED ARMY ENGINEERS MOVE PART OF THE T.N.T. INTO THE TUNNEL UNDER THE RIVER AND PREPARE TO FLOOD THE MINE...

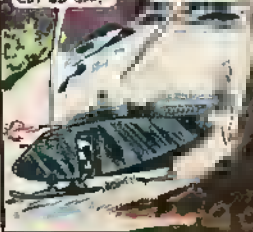
PREVENTED BY THE JAPS FROM CHARGING SAFELY, RUDIK LOCKS HIMSELF IN THE TUNNEL, INTENDING TO BLOW IT UP BY HAND...

COMRADE MARSHAL THE JAPS!... HERE THEY COME!

TOO LATE... CAPTAIN... IN SLED QUICKLY!



HURRY, POOL OR THE YELLOW MONKEYS'LL CUT US OFF! GET GOING!



IT SEEMS HORRIBLE TO LEAVE RUJOKI BACK THERE - ALONE. YOU ARE SEEING A SAMPLE OF SPIRIT THAT MAKES OUR RED ARMY UNCONQUERABLE...



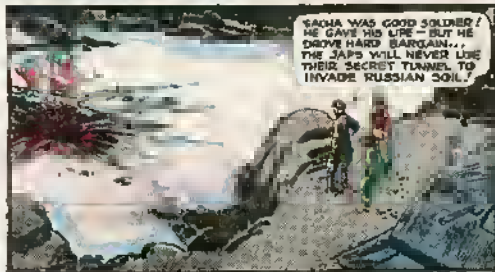
...THE SAME SPIRIT OF SACRIFICE WITH WHICH THE DEFENDERS OF STALINGRAD DIRECTED ARTILLERY FIRE UPON THEMSELVES IN ORDER TO DESTROY THE CLOSELY PRESSING NAZIS.



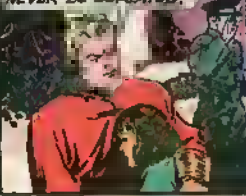
GOODBYE, SACHA...



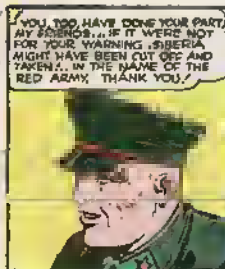
SACHA WAS GOOD SOLDIER! HE GAVE HIS LIFE - BUT HE DROVE HARD, BARGAIN... THE JAPS WILL NEVER USE THEIR SECRET TUNNEL TO INVADE RUSSIAN SOIL!



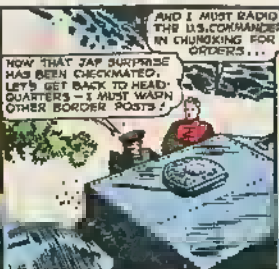
NOW I UNDERSTAND WHY LENINGRAD, MOSCOW AND STALINGRAD HELD FAST... AS LONG AS YOU HAVE MEN LIKE HIM, RUSSIA CAN NEVER BE DEFEATED!



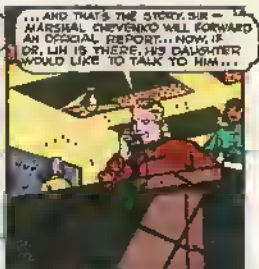
# BIG SHOT



YOU TOO HAVE DONE YOUR PART, MY FRIENDS... IF IT WERE NOT FOR YOUR WARNING, SIBERIA MIGHT HAVE BEEN CUT OFF AND TAKEN... IN THE NAME OF THE RED ARMY, THANK YOU!



HOW THAT JAP SURPRISE HAS BEEN CHECKMATED, LET'S GET BACK TO HEAD-QUARTERS - I MUST WARN OTHER BORDER POSTS!



...AND THAT'S THE STORY, SIR - MARSHAL CHEYENKO WILL FORWARD AN OFFICIAL REPORT... NOW, IF DR. LIH IS THERE, HIS DAUGHTER WOULD LIKE TO TALK TO HIM...



MY FATHER?

HE'S BEEN SENT TO THE U.S. TO WORK ON HIS RUBBER PROCESS... HE LEFT WORD FOR YOU TO JOIN HIM!



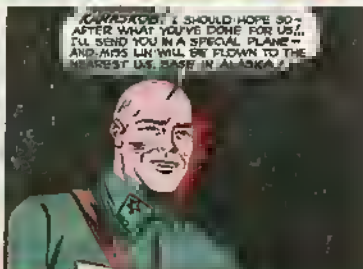
AND YOU, YANK - WHERE DO YOU GO!

MY ORDERS HAVE BEEN WAITING AT CHUNGKING FOR WEEKS... I AM TO JOIN MY OUTFIT IN TUNISIA!



SO YOU ARE ORDERED TO TUNISIA... HOW DO YOU PLAN TO GET THERE?

VIA RUSSIA AND THE NEAR EAST - YOU CAN FIND A PLACE FOR ME IN ONE OF YOUR PLANES!

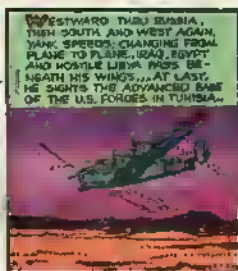


KURSKOVI, I SHOULD HOPE SO - AFTER WHAT YOU'VE DONE FOR US... I'LL SEND YOU IN A SPECIAL PLANE - AND MISS LIH WILL BE FLOWN TO THE NEAREST U.S. BASE IN ALASKA!



GOODBYE, YANK - I WISH I WERE GOING WITH YOU...

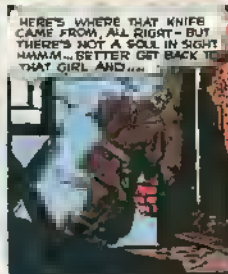
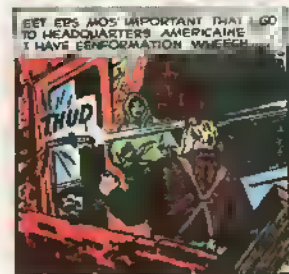
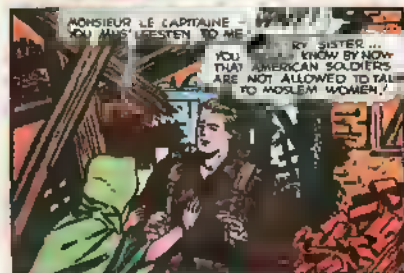
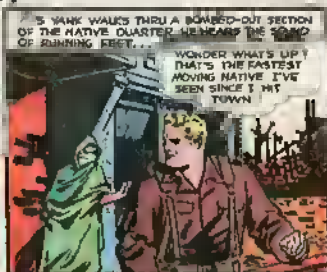
NOT GOODBYE, WING... LET'S MAKE IT "AU REVOIR" - FOR I KNOW THAT SOMETIME, SOMEWHERE, WE'LL MEET AGAIN!



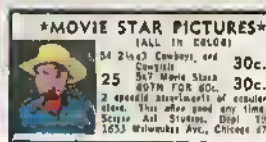
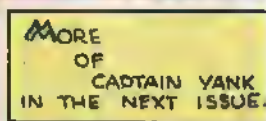
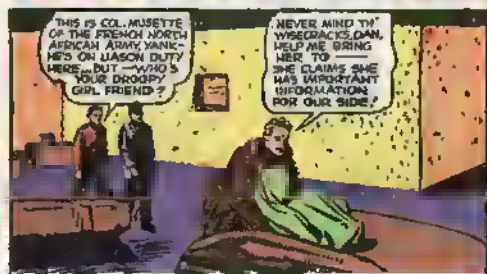
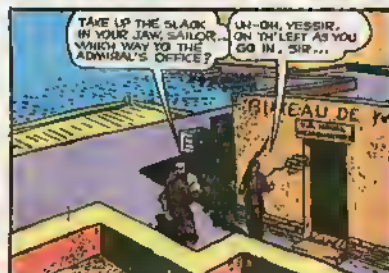
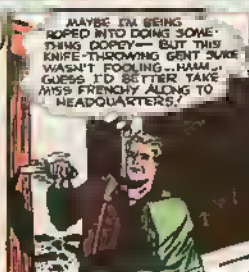
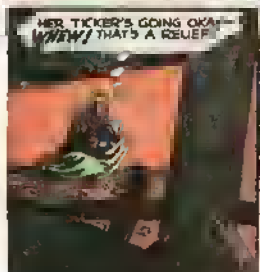
WESTWARD THRU RUSSIA, THEN SOUTH AND WEST AGAIN, YANK SPEEDS, CHANGING FROM PLANE TO PLANE, IRAQ, EGYPT AND HOSTILE LIBYA PASS BE-NEATH HIS WINGS... AT LAST, HE SIGHTS THE ADVANCED BASE OF THE U.S. FORCES IN TUNISIA...



# BIG SHOT



# BIG SHOT



# DIXIE Dugan

BY MEEVOY  
AND STREIBEL

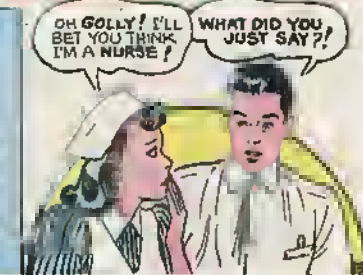
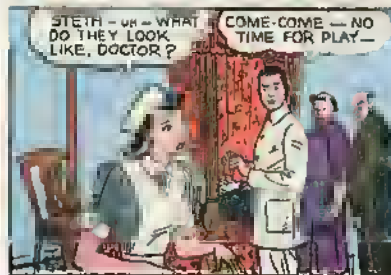
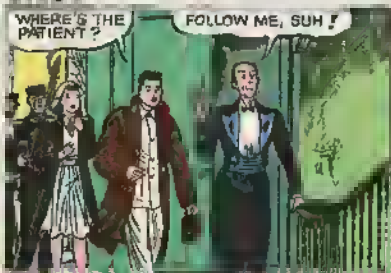
DIXIE  
AND MICKEY  
DRESS AS  
NURSES  
TO AMUSE  
MICKEY'S  
UNCLE  
WHO IS A  
PATIENT  
AT THE  
SANITARIUM

NURSE DUGAN—I THINK  
THE PATIENT NEEDS A  
FEW NEWSPAPERS AND  
MAGAZINES TO READ—

SHALL DO!

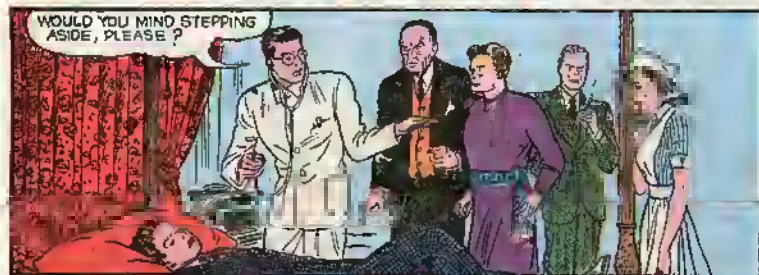
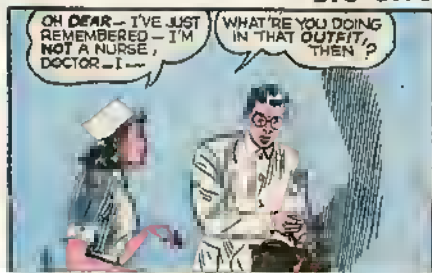


# BIG SHOT

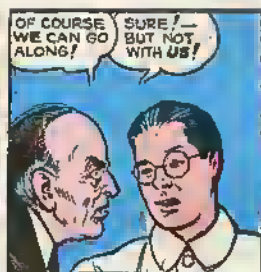
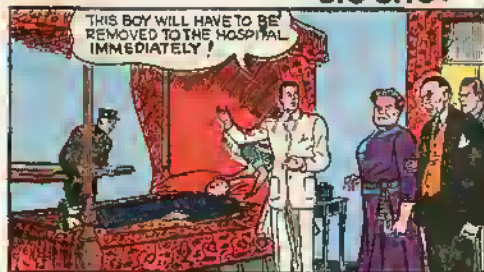




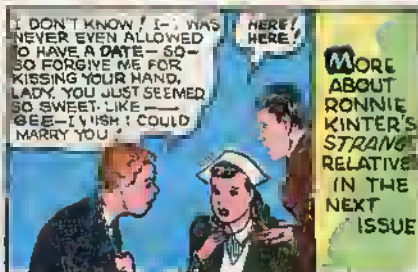
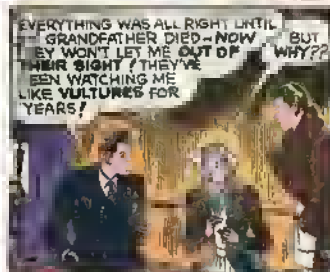
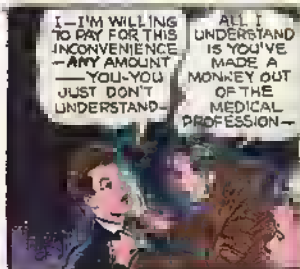
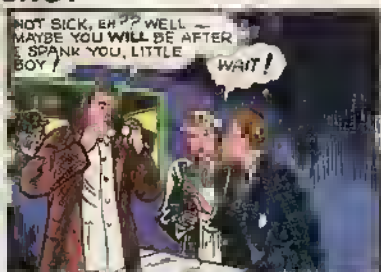
# BIG SHOT



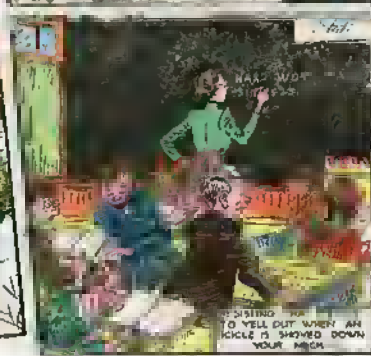
# BIG SHOT



# BIG SHOT



**MORE ABOUT RONNIE KINTER'S STRANGE RELATIVE IN THE NEXT ISSUE**

ALL IN A LIFETIME *by FRANK BECK*

JUST AS YOU WERE KNOCKING THE GALS FOR A LOOK...

TO YELL OUT WHEN AN KICKLE IS SHOWN DOWN YOUR MICH.



# VIC JORDAN

**VIC**  
AND ELSE  
CONTACT  
DR. HAUSMAN  
A LEADER  
OF THE  
UNDERGROUND  
MAKES HIS  
REPORT....

WE'VE MUCH TO DO, DOCTOR, INCLUDING  
SOME PLAN TO HIDE AND PROTECT  
ELSG. BUT FIRST WE MUST TIP OFF  
LONDON ABOUT A GAVE WARDEN  
NAMED SCHULTZ. THE SCHULTZ I  
MET IS A GESTAPO PLANT!



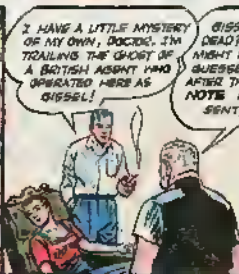
OF COURSE, THE GESTAPO  
DOESN'T OMBAS YOU AT  
SCHULTZ'S PLACE. THAT  
WOULD ELIMINATE THE  
WARDEN'S HUT AS A  
"DROP".



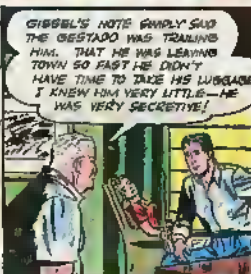
SEE THAT THIS  
IS DELIVERED  
AT ONCE.



I HAVE A LITTLE MYSTERY  
OF MY OWN, DOCTOR. I'M  
TRAILING THE GHOST OF  
A BRITISH AGENT WHO  
OPERATED HERE AS  
GIBSEL!



GIBSEL'S NOTE SIMPLY SAID  
THE GESTAPO WAS TRAILING  
HIM. THAT HE WAS LEAVING  
TOWN SO FAST HE DIDN'T  
HAVE TIME TO TAKE HIS LUGGAGE.  
I KNEW HIM VERY LITTLE—HE  
WAS VERY SECRETIVE!



HIS LUGGAGE!  
HE LEFT THAT  
BEHIND! WHERE  
DID HE LEAVE  
IT?

A FEW MINUTES  
ON THE TRAM  
FROM HERE.....  
BUT YOU CAN'T  
BE THINKING  
OF—

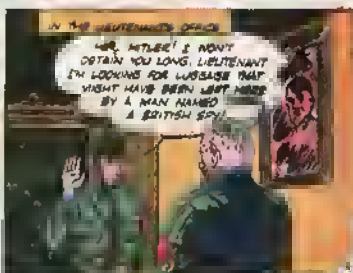
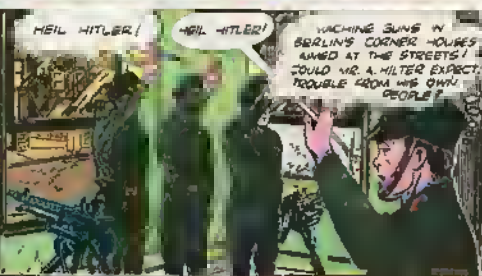


YOU THINK IT'S A THIN  
THREAD, DOCTOR, AND  
I KNOW IT! BUT I'VE  
NO CHOICE. THE  
LUGGAGE, IF IT'S STILL  
THERE, MAY LEAD  
SOMEWHERE.

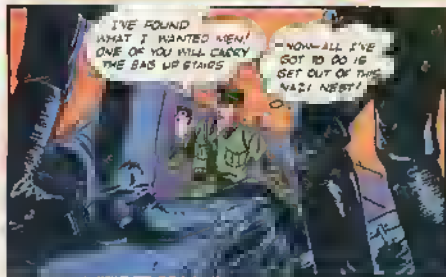
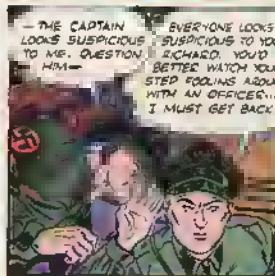
THE GESTAPO  
MAY HAVE BEEN  
THERE BEFORE  
YOU! YOU THINK  
IT WORTH THE  
RISK!



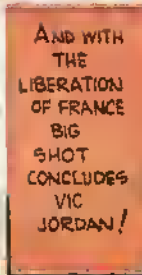
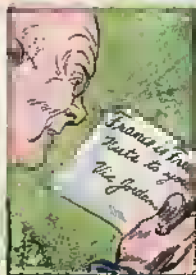
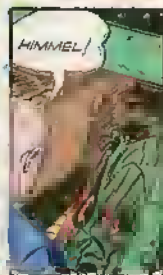
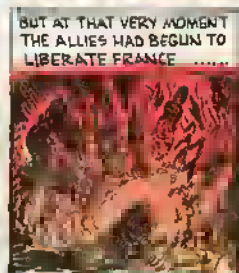
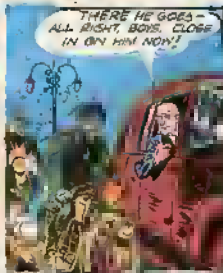
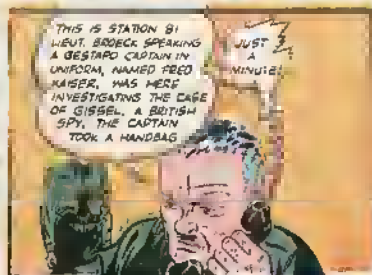
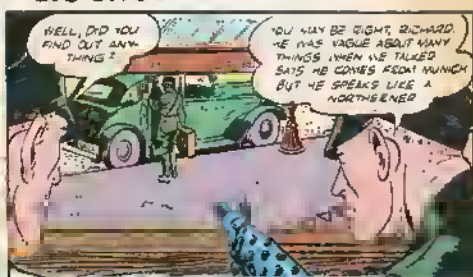
# BIG SHOT



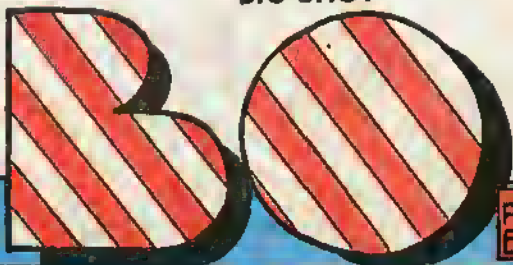
# BIG SHOT



# BIG SHOT

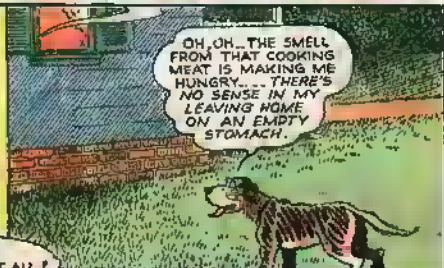




FRANK  
BECK

JUNIOR IS CURING A  
PUPPY OF CAR SICKNESS  
AND BO IS JEALOUS OF  
ALL THE ATTENTION THE  
PUPPY IS GETTING.....

OH, OH... THE SMELL  
FROM THAT COOKING  
MEAT IS MAKING ME  
HUNGRY... THERE'S  
NO SENSE IN MY  
LEAVING HOME  
ON AN EMPTY  
STOMACH.

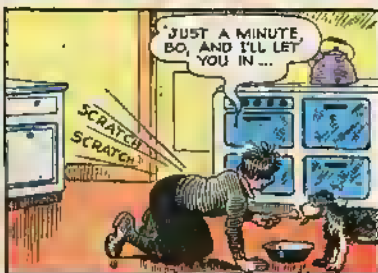


IN FACT.. WHY LEAVE AT ALL?  
WHY PLAY INTO THAT PUP'S  
HANDS... I'M GOING TO STICK  
AROUND AND GET MY GRUB...  
I'LL JUST IGNORE THAT PUP  
AND JUNIOR, TOO... IN  
FACT I'LL IGNORE THE  
WHOLE BUNCH!

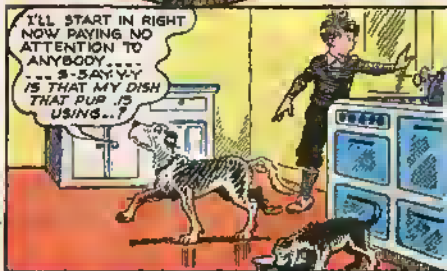


JUST A MINUTE,  
BO, AND I'LL LET  
YOU IN...

SCRATCH  
SCRATCH



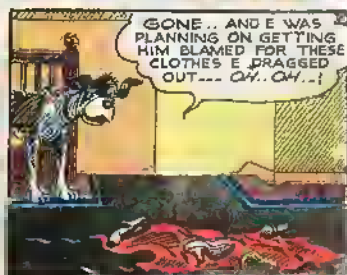
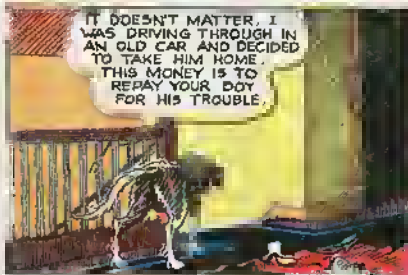
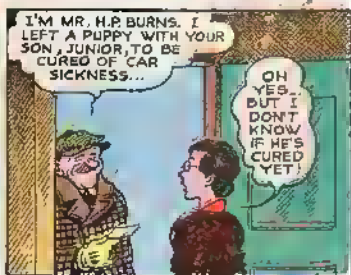
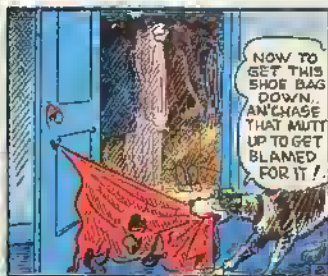
I'LL START IN RIGHT  
NOW PAYING NO  
ATTENTION TO  
ANYBODY...  
...S-SAY...  
IS THAT MY DISH  
THAT PUP IS  
USING...?



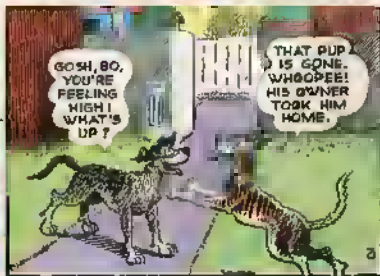
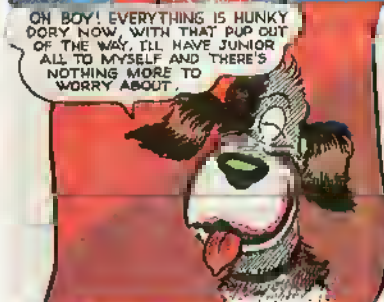
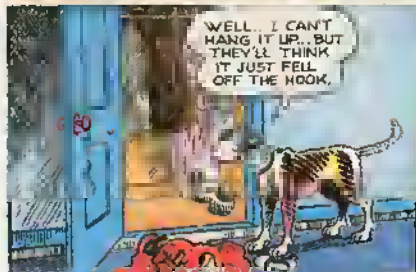
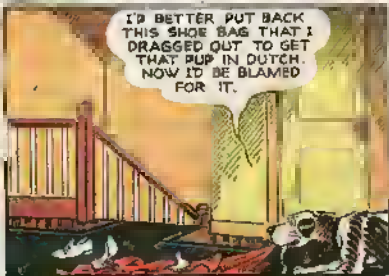
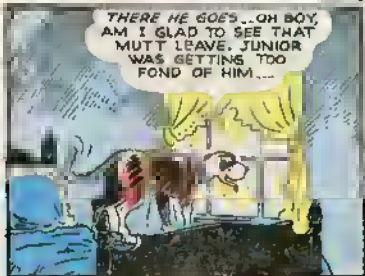
I CAN'T JUST SIT BY  
AND IGNORE THAT. HE'S  
TOO SMALL TO JUMP  
ON, BUT I'LL COOL HIM  
OFF SOMEHOW  
WITHOUT JUNIOR  
GETTING WISE...



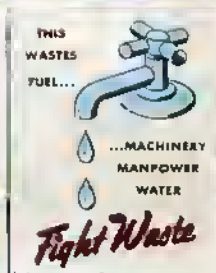
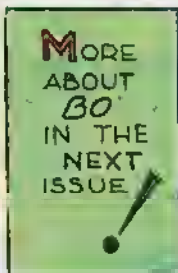
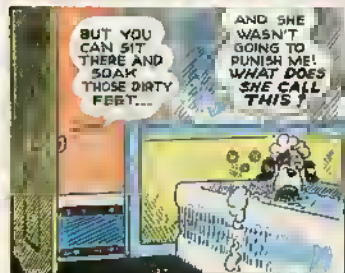
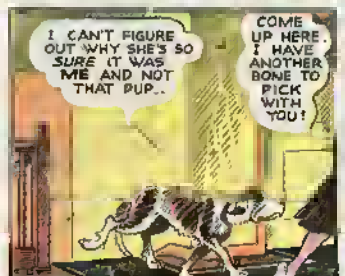
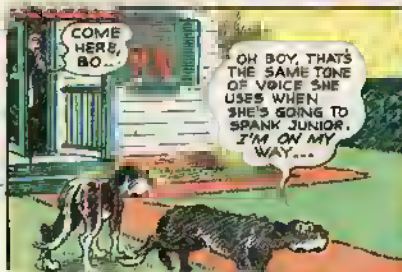
# BIG SHOT



# BIG SHOT



# BIG SHOT







**T**ONY TRENT NARROWLY ESCAPED DEATH WHEN TWO JAPANESE OFFICERS KILLED EACH OTHER... AND WILD BILL SOGGANS WAS ABOUT TO BE ARRESTED AS *THE FACE* (FOR A MURDER *THE FACE* NEVER COMMITTED) WHEN A MISCHIEVOUS PYGMY RAN OFF WITH *THE FACE* MASK....

**D**EEP IN THE JUNGLE... TRAPEZING LIKE A MONKEY... A WEIRD LITTLE DEMON WHO BEARS AN UNCANNY RESEMBLANCE TO *THE FACE*!

BIGGS DOESN'T KNOW WHAT TO THINK AFTER SEEING *THE FACE* LOPE AWAY ON A BODY ONLY TWO FEET HIGH!

NEITHER DO I... TELL ME, BILL - WHO WAS IT - AND HOW CAN WE GET *THE FACE* MASK BACK?

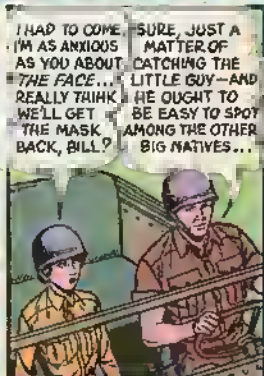
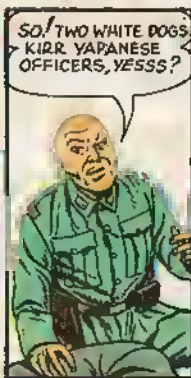
**I**N A JAPANESE PRISON CAMP....

MAJOR HEDAKI AND GENERAL YATO... BOTH DEAD...

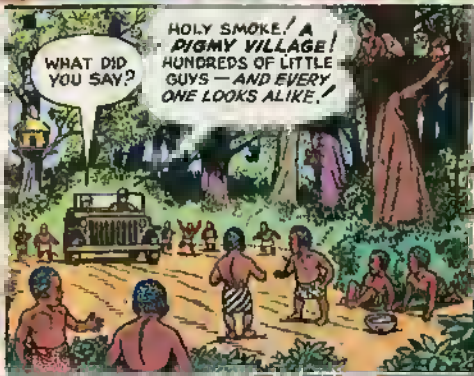
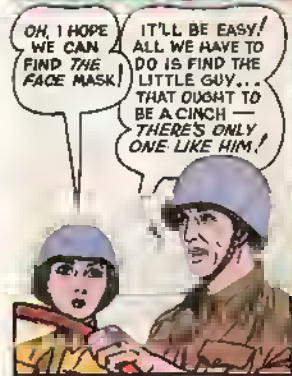
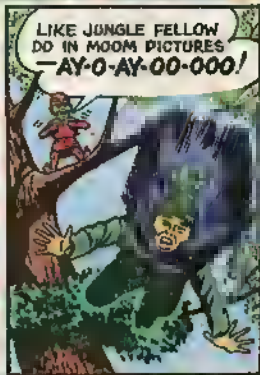
IF I KNOW JAPS, WE'RE GOING TO BE BLAMED FOR KILLING THEM.



# BIG SHOT

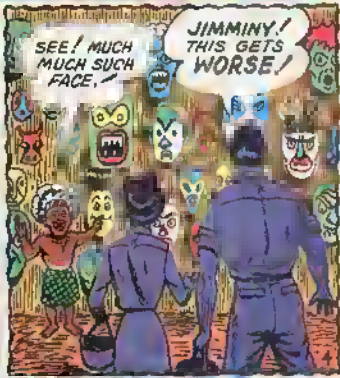
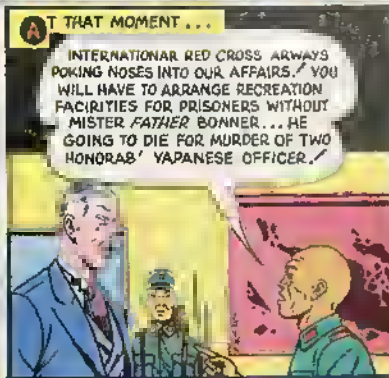
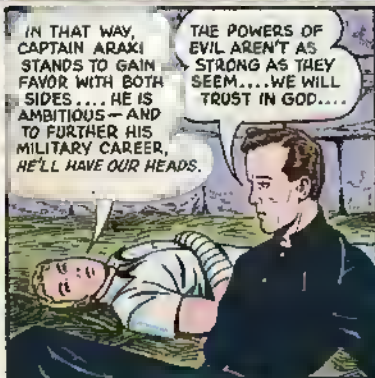
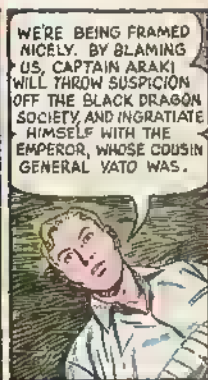
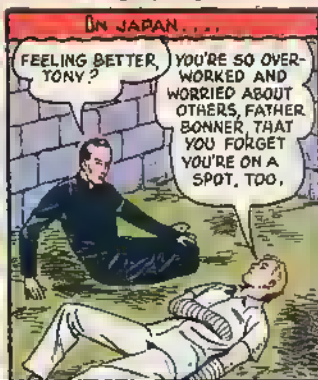


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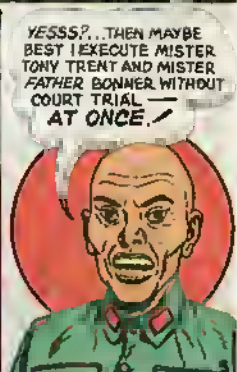
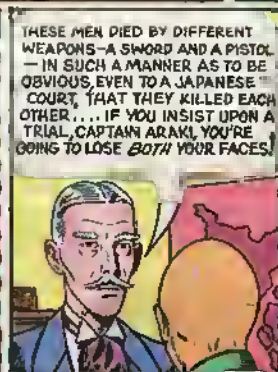
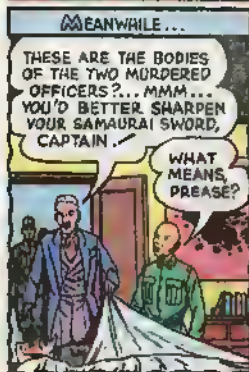
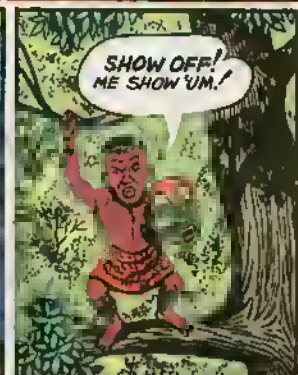
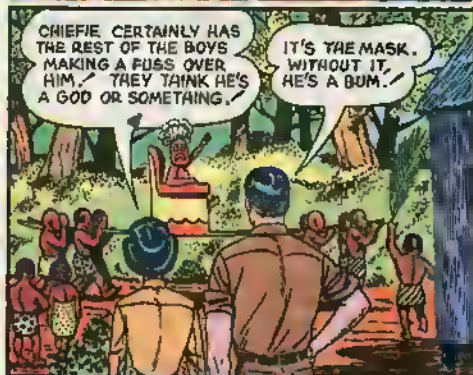
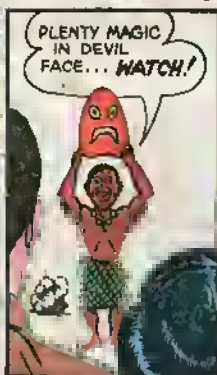


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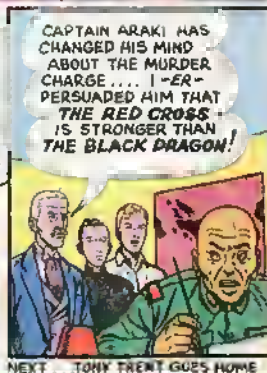
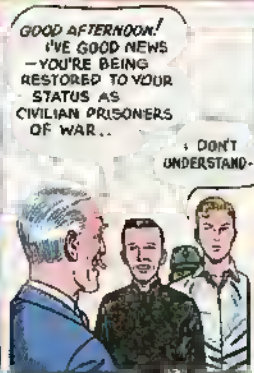




# BIG SHOT



# BIG SHOT



NEXT TONY TRENT GOES HOME

**WHAZE**  
**YOUR FRIENDS**  
**WITH**  
**MAGIC**  
**COMPLETE**  
**EQUIPMENT for**  
**10 PROFESSIONAL**  
**TYPE TRICKS**

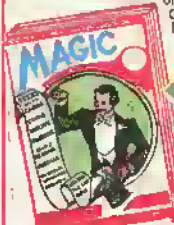
**\$2 POST PAID**  
**A \$5 VALUE**

**YOU GET ALL THESE  
10 MARVELOUS TRICKS**

[illegible]

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**Name:** [REDACTED]  
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**City & State:** [REDACTED]

**GUARANTEE**—If not satisfied return in five days for refund.



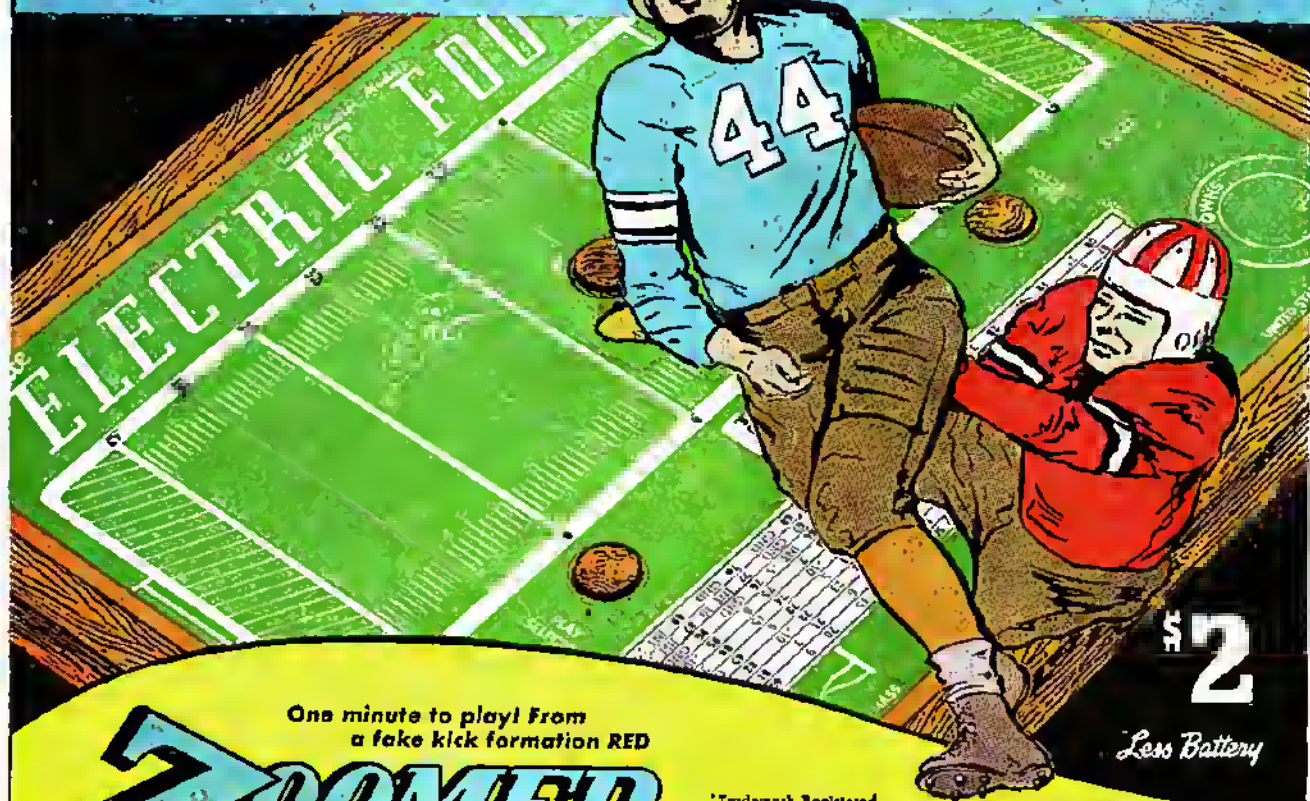


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U. S. Patent Office

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and Over For a* **TOUCHDOWN**

**FIGHT! FIGHT!! FIGHT!!!** You get the spirit... thrills... breath-taking chances!

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